

PISCINE AMENITIES.



I.

DOMINION FISHERIES INSPECTOR (who fails to see any difference between the British Columbia salmon and that of the Eastern rivers—to Miss Fraser-Suckeye, recumbent on a snag)—“Ah, yes; quite like your Eastern cousins; more robust, but the flavor not so good. You are doubtless the ‘Ancorhynchus Nerka.’”



II.

MISS FRASER-SUCKEYE (frolickingly resentful)—“What are you givin’ us?”

Nancy Mary Ann wis eneuch tae smoor th’ weans i’ their bed, tho’ jist whaur tae get better names wis a maist disturbin’ element i’ the hoose. A’e nicht I gaed doon tae th’ druggist’s tae get some paragoric, when what did I see on the coonter but a bit bookie, wi’ a bonnie picture o’ a wee lauchin’ wean on th’ cover o’t, an’ in aneath th’ words, “What shall we name the baby?” “Gudesakes enta,” says I, “that’s jist what’s kickin’ up a’ th’ collieshangy at hame,” sae I slippit th’ bookie intae my pouch an’ never said cheep aboot it. “Losh, noo, Kirsty,” says I, when I got hame, “pick oot ony name ye like, for I’ve got hunners o’ them tae wale frae, an’ onyane o’ them’ll be nae disgrace tae th’ bairns.” Weel, Kirsty lookit at the bookie, an’ wasna blate aboot makin’ up her mind. “We’ll ca’ the lassie Lucy—a nice, leddy-like name,” says she, “while Gabriel’s a wiselike ane for th’ callant.” I have nae great notion o’ sic’ like names, but afore I cud say onythin’, Johnnie Tosh, th’ elder, cam’ in tae say that th’ minister wis gaun tae hae bapteesment services th’ neist Sunday, “an’ I hope,” says Johnnie, “you have made due preparation and are in a fit state for the holy ordinance, Mr. McNab.” “Weel,” says I, “we’ve no richt settled aboot the names, but we hae a bottle o’ Luckie Tamson’s best, some baker’s bread an’ a kebbuck.” “Tuts!” says Johnnie, “I meant not these perishable things.” “Gif ye’re flayet we hae na th’ claes,”

says Kirsty, “ye maun ken Betty Barton lent us th’ robe her last little ane wis—” “You mistake me altogether, I am afraid I must tell the minister you are not fit to hold out your children,” says Johnnie, rising tae gang oot. “No’ fit tae haud oot the weans,” says Kirsty, gey nettled—“I wonder tae hear ye talk, when richt weel ye ken oor John’s strang eneuch tae haud them gif they were th’ laird’s young colts, let alane—” But Johnnie gaed aff like tae split, tho’ I coodna see onything tae lauch at.

Weel, Sunday cam’ roon’, an’, as the minister’s a wee whit hard o’ hearin’, I had th’ names written doon on a bit screed o’ paper, an’ as sune as Bauldie Beattie began takin’ up th’ bawbees Kirsty cam’ oot o’ th’ vestry carrying th’ weans, an’ I snooved awa up tae th’ front an’ stuid up afore the hale kirk.

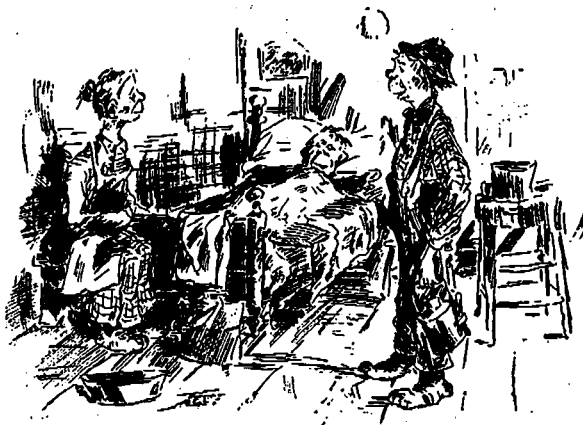
A’ gaed richt till it cam’ tae namin’ them, when, seek whaur I nicht, that paper I coodna fin’. I gaed a’ wean tae Kirsty, an’ pappit th’ ither aneath my oxter, an’ emptied my pouches. There wis my whuttle, my cuttie, a peppermint drap, th’ bawbee for th’ plate, an’ a stick o’ gundy, but nae paper, an’ a’ the time I cud hear the folk snickerin’ ower a’ the kirk.

“Never mind the paper,” says the minister, “just tell me their names.” But haith, I cood’nae hae tell’t my ain name, let alane th’ weans’. At last Kirsty bawls oot, “Gabriel an’ Lucy, sir!” “Gabriel and Lucifer!” yells the minister, as mad as a March hare, “no child shall be named after the Prince of Darkness in this church. We’ll call the child William. So Gabriel and William, I baptize you in the name of—” I heard nae mair, for, drappin’ the weans, I grabbit my bonnet an’ tuik th’ shortest cut for Blawearie, whaur I’ll bide for th’ winter. But gudesake, man, I’d like to ken gif wee Wullie’s a boy or a lassie.—JOHN MCNAB. JAMES GLOVER.

THEY WERE THAT KIND OF A FAMILY.

MUSIC LOVER—“Have you heard the Damm Family orchestra?”

FRIEND—“Yes, for the last couple of years. The people next door have two girls learning to play the piano, a young dude who excruciates on the flute, and a kid that thumps a toy drum. I should say that was the—the kind of a family you mentioned.”



CLUBBED.

MR. CASEY—“The saints p’sarve us, Mrs. Mulroony, fwat’s the matter wid Mike?”

MRS. MULROONY—“Poor Mike, sure he was workin’ in the garden whin he was struck on the head wid a beam—av the sun.”